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THE CANDLEMAKER-ROW FESTIVAL.

THE late James Hogg was accustomed in his latter days to leave his pastoral solitude in Selkirkshire once or twice every year, in order to pay a visit to Edinburgh. He would stay a week or a fortnight in the city, professedly lodging at Watson's Selkirk and Peebles Inn in the Candlemaker-Row, but in reality spending almost the whole of his time in dining, supping, and breakfasting with his friends; for, from his extreme good nature, and other agreeable qualities as a companion, not to speak of his distinction as a lion, his society was much courted. The friends whom he visited were of all kinds, from men high in standing at the bar to poor poets and slender clerks; and amongst all, the Shepherd was the same plain, good-humoured, unsophisticated man, as he had been thirty years before, when tending his flocks amongst his native hills. In the morning, perhaps, he would breakfast with his old friend Sir Walter Scott, at the *chirra's* house in Castle Street, taking with him some friend upon whom he wished to confer the advantage of an acquaintance with that great man. The forenoon would be spent in calls, and in lounging amongst the back shops of such booksellers as he knew. He would dine with some of the wits of Blackwood's Magazine, whom he would keep in a roar till ten o'clock, and then, recollecting another engagement, off he would set to some fifth story in the Old Town, where a young tradesman of literary tastes had collected six or eight lads of his own sort, to enjoy the humours of the great genius of the Noctes Ambrosiæ, over unlimited rummers of whisky punch. In companies of this kind he was treated with such unfeigned homage and kindness, that he usually got into the highest possible spirits, sang as many of his own songs as his companions chose to listen to, and told such droll stories, that the poor fellows were like to go mad with happiness. After acting as the life and soul of the fraternity for a few hours, he would proceed to his inn, where it was odds but he would be entangled in some further orgies by a few of the inmates of the house, neighbours and friends of his own, who, like himself, had just returned from convivial meetings in town, and were not yet quite disposed to retire to rest. To endure all this, the poet was prepared by the habits of his native district, where strong muscular exercise, and a constant exposure to the air, rendered of little account what in a citizen could not fail to produce a complete dissolution of manners.

The only uneasiness which the poet felt in consequence of his being so much engaged in visiting, was, that it rendered his residence at Watson's little better than a mere affair of lodging, so that, in his reckoning, the charge for his bed bore much the same proportion to that for every thing else which the sack bore to the bread in Falstaff's celebrated tavern-bill. To remedy this, in some degree, the honest Shepherd was accustomed to signalise the last night of his abode in the inn by collecting a vast crowd of his Edinburgh friends, of all ranks and ages and coats, to form a supper party for the benefit of the house. In the course of the forenoon he would make a round of calls, and mention, in the most incidental possible way, that two or three of his acquaintances were to meet that night in the Candlemaker-Row at nine, and that the addition of this particular friend whom he was addressing, together with any of his friends he chose to bring along with him, would by no means be objected to. It may readily be imagined that, if he gave this hint to some ten or twelve individuals, the total number of his visitors would not probably be few. In reality, it used to bring something like a Highland host upon him. Each of the men he

had spoken to, came, like a chief, with a long train of friends, most of them unknown to the hero of the evening, but all of them eager to spend a night with the Ettrick Shepherd. He himself stood up at the corner of one of Watson's largest bedrooms to receive the company as it poured in. Each man, as he brought in his train, would endeavour to introduce each to him separately, but would be cut short by the lion with his bluff good-humoured declaration, "Ou ay, we'll be a' weel acquint by and bye." The first two clans would perhaps find chairs: the next would get the bed to sit upon: all after that had to stand. This room being speedily filled, those who came subsequently would be shown into another bedroom. When it was filled too, another would be thrown open, and still the cry was "They come!" At length, about ten o'clock, when nearly the whole house seemed "panged" with people, as he would have himself expressed it, supper would be announced. Then such a rushing and thronging through the passages, up stairs and down stairs, such a tramping, such a crushing, and such a laughing and roaring withal—for, in the very anticipation of such a supper, there was more fun than is experienced at twenty ordinary assemblages of the same kind. All the warning Mr Watson had got from Mr Hogg about this affair, was a hint, in passing out that morning, that *twae-three* lads had been speaking of supping there that night. Watson, however, knew of old what was meant by *twae-three*, and had laid out his largest room with a double range of tables, sufficient to accommodate some sixty or seventy people. Certain preliminaries have in the mean time been settled in the principal bedroom. Mr Taylor, commissioner of police for the ward which contains the Candlemaker-Row, is to take the chair; for a commissioner of police in his own ward is greater than the most eminent literary or professional person present who has no office connected with the locality. Mr Thomson, baillie of Easter Portsburgh, and Mr Gray, moderator of the society of high constables, as the next most important local officials present, are to be croupiers. Mr Hogg is to support Mr Taylor on the right, and a young member of the bar is to support him on the left.

In then gushes the company, bearing the bard of Kilmeny along like a leaf on the tide. The great men of the night take their seats as arranged, while others seat themselves as they can. Ten minutes are spent in pushing and pressing, and there is after all a cluster of Sealless, who look very stupid and non-plussed, till all is put to rights by the rigging out of a table along the side of the room. At length all is arranged; and then, what a strangely miscellaneous company is found to have been gathered together! Meal-dealers are there from the Grassmarket; genteel and slender young men from the Parliament House; printers from the Cowgate, and booksellers from the New Town. Between a couple of young advocates sits a decent grocer from Bristo Street; and amidst a host of shop lads from the Luckenbooths, is perched a stiffish young probationer, who scarcely knows whether he should be here or not, and has much dread that the company will sit late. Jolly honest-like bakers, in pepper and salt coats, give great uneasiness to squads of black coats in juxtaposition with them; and several dainty looking youths, in white neckcloths and black silk spy-glass ribbons, are evidently much discomposed by a rough tyke of a horse-dealer who has got in amongst them, and keeps calling out all kinds of coarse jokes to a crouny about thirteen men off on the same side of the table. Many of Mr Hogg's Selkirkshire store-farming friends are there, with their well-oxygenated complexions and Dandie-Dimont-like bulk of figure;

and in addition to all comers, Mr Watson himself, and nearly the whole of the people residing in his house at the time. If a representative assembly had been made up from all classes of the community, it could not have been more miscellaneous than this company, assembled by a man to whom, in the simplicity of his heart, all company seemed alike acceptable.

When the supper was finished, bowls and rummers were introduced, and the chairman proceeded to the performance of his arduous duties. After the approved fashion in municipal convivialities, he gave the King, the Royal Family, the Duke of York and the Army, the Duke of Clarence and the Navy, and all the other *loyal and patriotic toasts*, before he judged it fit to introduce *the toast of the evening*. He then rose and called for a real—a genuine bumper. "Gentlemen," said he, "we are assembled here this evening, in honour of one who has distinguished himself in the poetical line; and it is now my pleasing duty to propose his health. Gentlemen, I could have wished to escape this duty, as I feel myself altogether incapable of doing justice to it; it is my only support in the trying circumstances in which I have been placed, that little can be required to recommend the toast to you. (Cheers.) Mr Hogg is an old acquaintance of mine, and I have read his works. He has had the merit of raising himself from a humble station to a high place amongst the literary men of his country. You have all felt his powers as a poet in his *Queen's Wake*. When I look around me, gentlemen, at the respectable company here assembled, when I see so many met to do honour to one who was once but a shepherd on a lonely hill, I cannot but feel, gentlemen, that much has been done by Mr Hogg, and that it is something fine to be a poet. (Great applause.) Gentlemen, the name of Hogg has gone over the length and breadth of the land, and wherever it is known, it is held as one of those which do our country honour. It is associated with the names of Burns and Scott, and, like theirs, it will never die. Proud I am to see such a man amongst us, and long may he survive to reap his fame, and to gratify the world with new effusions of his genius! Gentlemen, the health of Mr Hogg, with all the honours." The toast was accordingly drunk with great enthusiasm, amidst which the Shepherd rose to make his usual acknowledgment—"Gentlemen, I was ever proud to be called a poet, but I never was so proud as I am this night," &c. This part of the business of the evening over, the chairman and croupiers began to do honour to other civic matters. The chairman gave the Magistrates of Edinburgh, to which Mr Thomson, one of the croupiers, felt himself bound to return thanks. Mr Thomson then gave the Commissioners of Police, which brought the chairman upon his legs. "Messrs Croupiers and Gentlemen," said he, "I rise, as a humble member of the body just named, to thank you, in the name of that body, and my own, for this unexpected honour. I believe I may say for this body, that they do the utmost in their power to merit the confidence of their constituents, and that, if they ever fail in any thing to give satisfaction, it is not for want of a desire to succeed. Gentlemen, the commission of police has forced its way into existence, in spite of great opposition, I will not say from what quarter; and it is even yet a good deal sneered at, by the lovers of the old irresponsible system. But let arithmetic speak for us. Gentlemen, you all know that the police affairs of the city were formerly administered at an expense to you (here a poor poet was observed to give a shrug of painful pocket recollection) of no less than one-and-sixpence a-pound on the valued rental. And you all know what a system it was, how negligent, inefficient and

tyrannical. Now, gentlemen, our popularly elected commission has been seven years in existence, during all which time we have watched, cleaned, and lighted you—lighted you with gas—at thirteen pence half-penny! (Great cheering.) It is by such facts, gentlemen, that we would reply to the insinuations made against us. (Hear, hear.) It does not become me, perhaps, to speak of what we have done, or what we have saved; but I may just mention, that the late regulation about the batons of the patrols has been attended with the best effects, and that we have hopes of sparing at least one per cent. of the street lamps next year. (Sensation; the poor poet apparently feeling the matter very deeply.) Gentlemen, I have now had the honour to sit for this ward two years, and I must say that the support you have given me and my brethren, the resident commissioners, has been all that public men could wish, and sufficient to cheer us in the arduous path of our duty. Again, let me return my own thanks, and those of the other members of the Board, for the distinguished honour you have conferred upon us."

There is now for two hours no more of Hogg. The commissioners, bailies, and moderators, have the ball at their foot, and not another man can get in a word. Every imaginable public body in the city, from the University to the Potterrow Friendly Society, is toasted, most of them with the honours. Then they come to individuals. A croupier proposes the chairman, and the chairman proposes the croupiers. One of the latter gentlemen has a gentleman in his eye, to whom the public has been much indebted, and whose presence is always acceptable. The poor poet suspects he is to be the lucky man, and begins to look as unconscious as possible. When, after a long preamble of panegyric, out comes the name—the honoured name of Mr John Jaap, ex-resident commissioner of police for the next ward. "Gentlemen, when I mention Mr Jaap, you must all feel how powerfully we are called upon to give the toast with enthusiasm. Mr Jaap, gentlemen, was the friend of an improved system of police in the worst of times. He stood up against a mistaken magistracy in the days when it was not safe to do so; and it is to him, and to such as him, that we are to attribute the blessings which we now enjoy, and which have been so well described by my honourable friend in the chair. While we sit, gentlemen, secure and comfortable under the efficient and economical system now happily established, let us never forget to whom we owe it. Gentlemen, I give you Mr Jaap, and, if you please, with all the honours." The other croupier now feels a new access of enthusiasm, and, rising, proposes that, as the health of the chairman had formerly been given as *chairman*, he should now be once more toasted as a *private individual*, and in union, if the company pleases, with his friends. The proposal is hailed with fervour, and acted upon, although many men there felt that, before one man was over-buttered, it would have been as well to give a little scrape to various individuals who had as yet got none. It is all in vain, however, for Mr Hogg's literary or professional friends to raise their voices amidst such a host of bourgeoisie. The spirit of the Candlemaker-Row and Bristo Street rules the hour, and all else must give way, as small minorities ought to do. Amidst the storm of civic toasts, a little thickish man, in a faded velvet waistcoat and strong ale nose, rises with great solemnity, and, addressing the chair, begs leave to remind the company of a very remarkable omission which has been made. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am sure, when I mention my toast, you will all feel how much we have been to blame in delaying it so long. It is a toast, gentlemen, which calls in a peculiar manner for the sympathies of us all. It is a toast, gentlemen, which I am sure needs no recommendation from me, but which only requires to be mentioned in order to call up all that feeling which such a toast ever ought to call up—a toast, gentlemen—yes, gentlemen, a toast—gentlemen, I say a toast, that is a toast, such as seldom occurs. Some, perhaps, of the gentlemen here, are not aware of an incident of a very interesting nature which has taken place in the family of one of our worthy croupiers this morning. It has not yet been announced in the papers, but it probably will be so to-morrow. In the meantime I need only say—"Mrs Gray, of a daughter." (Cheering from all parts of the house.) Yes, gentlemen, one more added to the seven daughters with which Mr and Mrs Gray have already been blessed; and the lady, I am glad to say, is as well as can be expected under the by no means extraordinary circumstances. On such an occasion, gentlemen, you will not think me unreasonable if I ask you to get up, and drink, with all the honours, a bumper to Mrs Gray and her sweet and interesting charge." (Drunk with wild joy by all present.)

About two o'clock in the morning, after the second reckoning has been called and paid by general contribution, Mr Taylor leaves the chair, which is taken by

the young advocate. Other citizenly men, including the croupiers, soon after glide off, not liking to stay out late from their families. As the company diminishes in number, it increases in mirth, and at last the extremities of the table are abandoned, and the thinned host gathers in one cluster of intense fun and good-fellowship around the chair. Hogg now shines out for the first time in all his lustre, tells stories, sings, and makes all life and glee. The Laird o' Lamington, the Women Folk, and Paddy O'Rafferty, his three most comic ditties, are given with a force and fire that carries all before it, and the poor poet wonders if he will ever come to be so bright a genius, and the centre of so much admiration. About this time, however, the reporters withdraw, so that it is not in our power to state any further particulars of the Candlemaker-Row Festival.

The Shepherd now reposes beneath the sod of his native Ettrick, all the sorrows and joys of his chequered career hushed with his own breath, and not a stone to point pale Scotia's way, to pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust. While thus recalling, for the amusement of an idle hour, some of the whimsical scenes in which we have met James Hogg, let it not be supposed that we think of him only with a regard to the homely manners, the social good nature, and the unimportant foibles, by which he was characterised. The world amidst which he moved was but too apt, especially of late years, to regard him in these lights alone, forgetting that, beneath his rustic plaid, there beat one of the kindest and most unperverted of hearts, while his bonnet covered the head from which had sprung Kilmeny and Donald Macdonald. Hogg, as an untutored man, was a prodigy, much more so than Burns, who had had comparatively a good education; and now that he is dead and gone, we look around in vain for a living hand capable of awaking the national lyre. The time will probably come when this inspired rustic will be more justly appreciated.

DIVERSITY OF TASTES FOR FOOD.

It is perhaps not sufficiently known, that the taste for any particular kinds of food is a matter almost entirely of habit and locality. What the people of one nation reject as loathsome, those of another prize as the most delicate luxury. For instance, we should not love a repast of the flesh of monkeys, but it is esteemed delightful fare at Emerald, not only by the aboriginal inhabitants, but even by Europeans, who partake freely of the flesh, after mingling for a while with the natives, and go so far as to pronounce it both tender and agreeable. The flesh of elephants is reckoned excellent fare in India and South Africa, and camel's flesh is considered equally attractive in Egypt. Horse-flesh forms a staple provision in Arabia: the Indians of South America live principally upon it, but the wild horses are not much esteemed as food; Englishmen curious in these matters, from long residence in that country, giving the preference to such as have been subjected to regular and gentle exercise, as it has the effect of consolidating the muscular parts, otherwise of a loose and porous grain, and rendering it every way worthy of comparison with our ordinary beef. San Martin won the hearts of his auxiliary savages, during the war of independence, by feasting them on the milk and blood of mares. The practice of consuming the flesh of horses is not confined to countries in the infancy of civilisation. In Denmark and Sweden, its public exposure for sale is authorised; and in the face of restrictions and injunctions to the contrary, it is extensively circulated and consumed among the poor of Paris. From a recent work by the late M. Duchatelet, we learn that the flesh of the horses slaughtered in the celebrated faying establishments at Montfaucon, and at the Hospice de la Salpêtrière, in the neighbourhood of Paris, has been frequently sold surreptitiously to the poorer inhabitants, especially during times of scarcity and distress. In 1803, 1811, and 1817, the underground traffic carried on in this filthy commodity by the petty victuallers, was discovered by the commissioners of police, when large quantities were seized and condemned, on the supposition that it was injurious to health; but later investigations have proved the fallacy of this idea, and shown, that, under certain restrictions, it may be resorted to in seasons of dearth without the slightest risk of dangerous consequences. Under circumstances of peril and privation, it has been found to be an admirable substitute for the usually recognised articles of diet, and fully equal to the flesh of any of the ruminants. "The flesh of the horse," says Baron Larrey, in his work on Military Surgery, "makes a very good soup, especially if some lard is added to it; or it may be broiled or prepared as a mode beef, mixed with proper seasoning. The liver, too, was highly esteemed by our soldiers in Russia. During the siege of Alexandria, the health of the

troops was mainly preserved by the regular supply of horse-meat to them. It contributed very materially to the stoppage of a scorbutic epidemic which had appeared among them. I repeatedly partook of the meat myself, and found it both palatable and nutritious. After the battles of Eylau and Eslingen, the wounded were fed upon horse-flesh for several days; and when at length oxen were procured, the soldiers did not recognise the difference. Marshal Massena partook of the same fare, and highly approved of it." The fact of the workmen at the Parisian horse-killing establishments selecting the best pieces and using them for the support of themselves and families throughout the year, remaining, at the same time, not only more than usually exempt from ordinary illness, and enjoying a marked immunity from destructive epidemics, but also blessed with the florid ruddiness of robust health, goes far to place the flesh of the horse quite on a par with any other less equivocal provision, and more than justifies its use to those who are compelled, by peculiarity of situation, or the pressure of the times, to forego the purchase of more congenial fare.

The Esquimaux subsist principally on blubber, the fat of cetaceous animals, and esteem a draught of whale oil one of their greatest luxuries. The Russians will, according to Captain Cochrane, the eccentric perambulator of their country, devour, with all the eagerness of relish, soap, candles, and tallow of every description. In the sensual days of Rome, young and tender puppies were held in high esteem at the tables of the wealthy, and they are even yet reckoned choice food in the South Sea Islands, China, and along the banks of the Missouri and Mississippi. In Paris, according to Duchatelet, both dogs and cats are used for human food, though the traffic in them is rather tolerated than specially recognised. Browne, in his History of Jamaica, tells us that cats are considered a dainty dish among the negroes; they are also relished by the Chinese. The latter nation, however, are not overly scrupulous as to the sources from which they derive the elements of life. They consume greedily rats and serpents, also the paws of bears; and their grandees are particularly partial to the edible nests of the Java swallow, the materials to form a dish of which cannot be procured under L.15. Putrid and half-hatched eggs figure as one of their many singular luxuries. Mr Crawford, in the account of his Embassy to Cochinchina, after describing part of an entertainment at the house of a person of distinction, says, "One of the Cochinchinese dainties served up on this occasion ought not to be omitted: it consisted of three bowls of hatched eggs. When we expressed some surprise at the appearance of this portion of the repast, one of our Cochinchinese attendants observed, with much simplicity, that hatched eggs formed a delicacy beyond the reach of the poor, and was only adapted for persons of distinction. On inquiry, we in fact found that they cost some thirty per cent. more than fresh ones. It seems they always form a distinguished part of a great entertainment, and it is the practice, when invitations are given out, to set the hens to hatch. The fete takes place about the tenth or twelfth day from this period—the eggs being then considered as ripe, and exactly in the state most agreeable to the palate of a Cochinchinese epicure."

Prompted, however, by the unanswerable dictates of stern necessity, or the capricious longings incident to vanity and wealth, man does not confine himself, in the gratification of his appetite, to a selection of food from the variety offered to him by the higher orders of creation, but covets with the same capacious swallow the lower ranks of animal existence. Nothing is too diminutive for his attention—noting is so despicable as not to be considered worthy of his concern. No matter how disgusting the creature may be in appearance, the palate is sure to discover some rare taste or some peculiar flavour sufficient to counterbalance the loathsome impressions which its first appearance may have made upon the sight. Nothing, in fact, can come amiss to him. Bats are eaten in the Island of Bourbon, where they are very numerous, and are esteemed a delicacy. The Caffre hordes of Southern Africa feed upon locusts, ants' eggs, and a variety of insects too numerous for detail. The Tonguines and inhabitants of Madagascar prefer locusts to the finest fish; while, in the West Indies, a large caterpillar found upon the palm-tree is reckoned one of the most notable of luxuries. The astronomer, De la Lande, is said to have been fond of a mess of spiders.

The rearing of snails is a business of importance in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, where they are gathered by poor people towards the end of June, and sold for about seven farthings a hundred to men who carry on extensive dealings in the article. The snailmonger encloses them in large glass gardens, and feeds them in rainy weather the only time that they leave the shell, with succulent vegetables. They form an operculum or albumen covering over the mouth of the shell in the month of September, being the season at which they usually retire for the rest of the winter, and are then packed in crates, and forwarded along the Danube to Vienna and Hungary, where they are sold for from four shillings and eightpence to eight shillings a hundred; thus realising a handsome profit to those engaged in their conveyance, some of whom must frequently acquire prodigious sums, as many dealers dispose of about eighty thousand. In our own country, broth or soup made of snails is considered exceedingly nutritious, and in some parts of England is prescribed as a valuable mucilaginous diet for persons in consumption. The snails being previously washed and purified of their internal earthy matter, are almost dissolved in the liquid soup, which can hardly be known from fine veal or chicken broth.

In some of the continental public markets, frogs are exhibited for sale in great abundance. Still the supply is quite inadequate to the demand, and a dish of these voracious reptiles can with difficulty be procured for less than twenty shillings. The edible frog is seldom seen in England, but is common in France, Italy, and Germany. It has also been seen in Forfarshire in Scotland. On the Continent, these frogs are caught at night with nets, with hooks baited with worms, or by long rakes with close-set teeth, which are dragged rapidly through the water. Their hind-legs only are fricasseed, the fore-legs and livers being put into soup. The bull-frog of croaking notoriety is occasionally dressed and brought to table in America, where the hind quarters are considered by some to form an excellent dish, but the majority of individuals regard them as of too tough and fibrous a texture ever to be eaten for their intrinsic merits.

In South America every thing possessed of life is acceptable; the people eat serpents, lizards, and ounces. Even their children, according to Humboldt, may be seen dragging enormous centipedes from their holes, and munching them without a shadow of compunction. The gecko, the largest of the lizard tribe, is also high in favour as a South American dainty, its flesh being esteemed a delicacy, and prepared for table much in the manner that we cook fish. Its eggs, too, contribute to extend the pleasures of the morning meal. The lizard itself is made an article of traffic in the Bahama islands, being carried from place to place, and kept alive till required for the tables of the rich; but in the West India islands the race has been well nigh extirpated, owing to the avidity with which it is sought after for culinary purposes.

Having thus taken a general and rapid survey of the more remarkable animals considered either as dainties or standard articles of diet by foreign nations, let us now fix the eye of scrutiny upon our own country, and see whether there be aught in our system of gastronomy that stamps us as a peculiar or eccentric people.

We deride the taste exhibited by foreign nations in the choice of particular animals for provision; we wonder at, and almost regard as depraved, the partiality they evince for articles of diet that are unseemly to us; and we condemn unhesitatingly the food they swallow as loathsome and unclean; yet we all the while forget that our usages in this respect are as far from what is dictated by common decency as are the vilest habits of savage life. The boons of Southern Africa prefer a mass of fat which forms the tail of the sheep of that country to mutton of the most exquisite quality—nay, more, this fatty matter is so much relished, that it is made to form a part of almost every dish, and is stored up for the use of sailors, who employ it constantly in place of butter, for which it is an admirable substitute. Mahomet also, for sanitary reasons, has seen fit in the Koran to forbid the fat of sheep as an article of diet, except that "which should be intermixed with the bone;" meaning, according to Sale, the translator of the work, the fat of the tails of the eastern sheep; and yet with all these proofs of its value and utility in the country of its production, many of our countrymen would, on the mere mention of the appendage or its culinary applications, turn up the nose of unqualified abhorrence, forgetful all the while that the manners which they reprobate are pure and faultless, in comparison with the haunteries which they delight to gratify. For instance, what more nauseous than flesh in a state of putridity?—yet putrid game, the most loathsome to the senses, is esteemed a first-rate delicacy by persons in high life. Many persons are, also, fond of rook-pies, a dish which a Frenchman would abhor as much as we would do one made of fricasseed frogs. Persons in the habit of visiting the houses of our moorland farmers, and who are at all acquainted with the country economy of Scotland, can hardly tolerate at first, if they be at all fastidious, the sight of salted mutton, as they know full well that pickling is only resorted to as a means of preservation when disease is making uncontrollable havoc in the flock; but the generality of individuals, when brought much in contact with the object of their aversion, soon get rid of their feelings of repugnance, and pay their addresses as heartily to braised mutton (sheep which have died of an inflammatory disease), as those whom use and wont have long since rendered callous.

Healthy animal matter is rarely poisonous when used as food. Among the higher orders of animals, not one is known to produce bad symptoms when taken into the stomach, with the solitary exception of the white bear, the liver of which is said to possess at all seasons unwholesome properties. Among the lower ranks of animated nature, fish are the only creatures to which poisonous effects can be attributed when taken for the sustenance of man; and of these, the grey snapper, the proper or rock fish, the yellow-billed sprat, the old wife, and the king-fish, are enumerated by toxicologists as articles of diet, the use of which is fraught with danger. Fatal instances are not wanting to show that the opinion of their hurtful tendencies is but too well founded; but it is clear that they cannot be looked upon as naturally poisonous, since accidents are found to follow their use only at certain seasons of the year, at which times their secretions are frequently so powerfully septic as to commence their action before they can possibly reach the stomach, and to cause a fatal termination as rapidly as prussic acid. The roe of the barbel is said to produce vomiting, purging, and slight swellings, in those who are so incautious as to eat it; but in all likelihood its baneful effects, like those already mentioned, are restricted in their occurrence to certain periods. Few animals, indeed, that we can obtain for food, can ever in that way prove instruments of harm, as the fluids secreted by the stomach effect so rapid a change on substances brought into contact with them, that the latter are not allowed to be possessed for any length of time of their hurtful tendencies. Putrescent matters are quickly deprived of their odour in the stomach, and even the venom of serpents is rendered by its action quite inert; and to this striking and valuable property may be ascribed the fact, that few articles of diet are subject to the individual using them to the risk of immediate danger. Unwholesome food will certainly sooner or later give rise to a train of ill health, the necessary

consequence of a persistence in its use; but it is rare, indeed, to find a case where even carrion has been followed by bad effects that were rapidly developed. Class may rail against class, and nation against nation; but the cosmopolite, the man of liberal opinion, will rejoice to see each nation happy in the full enjoyment of its own productions, and will feel contentment, whether partaking of monkeys with the natives of Emerald, or sharing the beef of the English yeoman.

AN IRISH STORY OF RECENT OCCURRENCE.

RICHARD and WILLIAM MACARTHY were the sons of a respectable gardener, in one of the midland counties of Ireland, who, at his death, left the eldest of his children heir to nearly the whole of his property and effects. The old man was induced to do this from the superior character of Richard, and in the consciousness, perhaps, that the kind and affectionate nature of the inheritor would lead him to provide sufficiently for all the reasonable wants of the younger brother, while, at the same time, the rash propensity to squander, evinced but too frequently by the latter during his father's life, would be restrained in such a manner as would tend ultimately to his own good. All that the deceased gardener anticipated from Richard, the young man showed, on coming into possession, a perfect willingness to fulfil. But it was not so with the junior of the brothers. The low and vicious habits into which William MacCarthy had unhappily plunged, had by degrees effaced almost all traces of good feeling from a mind naturally only weak and thoughtless; and in spite of Richard's oft-expressed desire to be in the place of a father to him, the youth regarded the old man's well-intentioned, though, it may be, unwise settlement, with feelings of the bitterest resentment. His chosen associates—men older in vice than himself—felt the youth's exclusion from a share of his father's property as a direct loss to themselves, and were not slow to encourage in William's breast a sentiment of hatred against his favoured brother. The seed thus sown and nourished, produced congenial fruit in time, as the tale we are about to relate will sufficiently show.

One summer evening, about a year after his father's decease, Richard MacCarthy left his garden, or rather the little ivied cottage that overlooked it, and took his way abroad into the fields. After a walk of considerable length, he reached a small clump of old and lofty trees, which had been left standing alone—when the axe had fallen on their fellows—in order to close a prospect from the windows of a great man's dining-hall.

Here the young gardener had not stood long until he was joined by one for whom he had waited, and whom he greeted with the unrepelled kiss of an affectionate and favoured lover. "It's yourself, Kathleen darlin', that's so kind to come to me this night," said he, "for my heart is low widin me." "And what is id, Richard?—is id the brother again, that has brought the trouble on you?" was the earnestly and kindly expressed reply of the comely, blue-eyed girl to whom he spoke. "It is, aroon," returned the lover; "he has behaved so badly of late as to make my life miserable; and what I niver tuck from mortal man's hands, I have been contint to bear from his. The poor ould blinded mother too, though she mames well, indulges him so much as to make him worse, I'm afeard. Wor it not for you, avourneen, I culd go upon the wide world, and lave him all, with pleasure, for 'tis that he wants. But why should I ruin myself, and brake my heart for him, the mad unnath'ral crathur that he is?" "It ud brake mine too, Richard," said his mistress softly, and with the tear called to her eye by the thought, "wor you to lave us." Richard made a lover's return to this kind speech, and then said, "But I have invinted a plan, Kathleen darlin', to put an ind to it, if you will give your consent."

Before mentioning what was the plan "invinted," as he termed it, by MacCarthy, we must inform our readers that the loves of Richard and Kathleen were no exception to the proverb, "the course of true love never does run smooth." The fair maiden's father was a wealthy farmer, a plain, homely man, but rather proud of his length of purse. Richard MacCarthy, though well to do in the world, was by no means the farmer's equal in substance, and the latter, on this account, was disposed to discountenance the young gardener's addresses. But Kathleen's heart was with her admirer; and the consequence was, that many a meeting, such as the one we are describing, had taken place at the little clump of trees.

Richard's scheme was, to yield up at once a share of his garden, or nursery, to his brother William, and permit him to take up house with his mother where they pleased. Thus would Richard's cottage be open for the reception of Kathleen as its mistress, and it was to prevail upon her to become his wife, by a private marriage, that MacCarthy now bent all his endeavours. "Oh! but my father!—how can I lave him, or bear his anger?" was the girl's oft-repeated expression, while the lover urged his suit with all the persuasive and endearing epithets in which the language of his country so particularly abounds. "Hush! Kathleen achree! Sure, the ould man will resave us wid a blessin', when the thing is past cure. And won't we be happy, darlin' of my heart, sittin' the pair of us by our own purty hearth, wid the roses peepin' thro' the window, and the bees hummin' sweetly, the crathurs, in our ears—but not sweeter than your voice, my own, my fair-haired—wife!" Such language falling in tender, yet manly tones, from the lips of him she loved, got the better ultimately of all poor Kathleen's objections. Still she would not enter into any decisive arrangements, until she had had time to think more upon the subject. "Richard, dear," said she at last, weeping as she rested her head upon his shoulder, "good will not come to us, I'm afeard, from going contrary to a parent's wish. But to make you asy and happy, Richard, and ind your throubles intirely wid that bad brother—I'd do any thing for that. Let me sleep over it, and pray for direction, and then I will send you a message by one I can put thrust in, wid this blue ribbon for a token; for we must not risk a meetin' again, Richard." With this imperfect conclusion of the matter, the lover was forced to content himself, and soon after the pair separated.

Unfortunately, during the latter part of their conversation, Richard and his mistress had wandered to an angle of the clump of trees, where they had stood for some minutes within a few feet of an unseen listener to their talk, who lay on the ground behind a thick hedge surrounding part of the plantation. This was a man named John Alston, a distant relation of Kathleen's, and occasionally employed by her father about the farm. Alston's love of drinking, and otherwise depraved habits, had caused the farmer to turn him off not unfrequently with disgrace. The man's artful address and cunning, however, as well as his great bodily strength and activity, caused him generally to be restored to the farmer's good graces, after an interval spent in idleness and debauchery. To Kathleen, Alston was peculiarly disagreeable, from having for a long time pestered her with professions which she listened to with pleasure from one man alone. But he had in the end desisted from the attempt, and Kathleen, deceived by the cloak he threw over his sentiments, interceded more than once in his favour with her father.

Such was the character of the man whom chance enabled to overhear the parting words of Richard MacCarthy and the mistress of his affections. The wretch's emotions on the occasion were rather those of a fiend than a human being. His diabolical joy at the discovery of the projected elopement, was mingled with a burning hatred of the man who had gained such a hold of the affections of one by whom he himself was despised. Alston's first thought was to betray what he had heard, to the father of Kathleen; but this was a proceeding calculated to do too little injury to the object of his hate, to be long thought of. Another project of a far wilder and more deadly nature entered next into his black meditations, and after revolving it long in his mind, without stirring from the spot where he lay, he started up, with the exclamation, "By the livin' it will do! if Bill MacCarthy, poor spiritless baste as he is for all his big thrates, will only pluck up heart enough to lind a hand. And 'tisn't a hand I want from him aythur; my own," continued he, looking with a dark smile of pride on his own muscular arms, "my own have done a more disthressin' job before now, I'll go bail; but the fool must be in id—in the heart of id wid me, that I may squeeze the yellow boys out of him after'ard."

On the same night, Alston sought and found his frequent associate in dissipation, William, or, as his familiars termed him, Bill MacCarthy. This misguided youth was indeed what Alston had described him to be—a man with the will to do evil, but without the courage, either moral or physical, to compass it. It required the absorption of large and stupefying draughts of ardent spirits, ere his mind could look with any degree of composure on the diabolical scheme which his companion had based on the information accidentally acquired by overhearing the converse of the lovers. Well did Alston, however, know the temper of him with whom he had to do, and he only revealed his proposal after due preparation of the other's mind, by artfully arousing all his hatred of his brother, and stimulating his passions by drink. That proposal was indeed what we have termed it—diabolical, as the reader will immediately see. To prevent its disclosure, or any drawing back on the part of William MacCarthy, it was arranged by Alston, with his associate's consent, that the latter should not go home before the following night, which was a thing of too common occurrence to excite any notice.

Richard MacCarthy sat alone in his cottage on the evening subsequent to that on which he had met his beloved Kathleen. His mother had left the house to seek her favourite though depraved child. Richard was ruminating on the subject that occupied all his

leisure thoughts, when a tap was heard at the door, and, on its being opened, John Alston entered. With this man, as Kathleen's relation, the young gardener had at one time shown a disposition to be friendly, but latterly Richard had avoided all intercourse with him. Some wonder, therefore, was depicted on Richard's countenance as he asked the visitor to take a seat. Alston did not long keep him in suspense, but dashed at once into the business on hand, in a style which the wretch felt would appear most natural to him. "By dad, Dick MacCarthy," said he, "your fortin's made!" Then stopping short, he sunk his voice to a whisper, "but are you sartin there is no one widin hearing to spoil your luck afore it lights?" "No livin' bein', sartainly," returned MacCarthy. "Here, thin," continued Alston, pulling out a piece of blue ribbon, "here is a token one gived me for ye. Ha! by dad, boy, it's you that's the made man. Sure, for my little trouble in this matter, you'll lind me the loan of the handsome limbs and the purty face that tuck the poor colleen's fancy, jist to thry my luck with some other tinder-hearted crathur; though, to be sure, there's not the likes of Kathleen to be got in tin counties."

While Alston spoke thus, the lover appeared scarcely to hear what was said, his hand having almost involuntarily pressed the ribbon it contained to his heart, and his mind being occupied, seemingly, with the anticipations which it excited. He awoke from his brief reverie, under the impression, probably, that Kathleen had selected a strange messenger, but this feeling could not but be removed, when, in answer to the question, "And what is it she told you to say?" Alston frankly and readily replied, "Man, alive! it ud be a purty thing to thrust a love message to me, blood relaysion though I am to the colleen. No, no! she only told me to bring yees to spake to her yer own self. Howsomdever, she did say so much as that she *might* made me to help in somethin' she had it on her mind to do. And where ud she ax for help, if not from her poor relaysion, Jack Alston, wan that she knows ud go through fire and water for the sakes of her, and all that's dare to her?"

The free and seemingly open manner of Alston completely removed all suspicion, if any existed in Richard's mind, particularly as his visitor seemed by the token to be undeniably the trusted messenger of Kathleen. After arranging, that, as soon as the shades of night fell in, the two should go to the farm, Richard brought out his bottle from the cupboard, and joined his visitor in taking a glass of spirits. By this the young man's "bosom's lord" was made to "sit lightly on his throne," and it was with a cheerful countenance, when the hour came, that he rose to accompany Alston to the farm to meet Kathleen, in the hope that she would now be willing to go with him to the priest's, and become his own. A nuptial obligation, strong enough for those who mean to observe it, is not difficult to be got at in many parts of Ireland.

As Alston and Richard came to the door of the cottage, to enter on their nocturnal route, a light appeared at a short distance from them. "Curses!" muttered the former; "come on, Dick, come on! we shall be betrayed." "Hush!" said his companion, "it is my mother! Give me your blessing, mother dear," continued he, as if actuated by an almost involuntary impulse, as she approached. "You have it, Richard! May the good God bless you, and he *will* do it in Heaven, if not on earth. But are you laving me too?" continued she, querulously, and lifting the lamp which she carried, to the face of Alston, in spite of his attempts to avoid being recognised by her. "Och, weirastru," cried she, when she saw who it was, "will you take away both my childre! But no," continued she, as her eldest son endeavoured to quiet her, "I can thrust my dutiful Richard wid you, or any one. He never wuld lave me widout good reason."

This meeting, which Alston had provided against as far as lay in his power, by planting emissaries to keep the old woman vainly straying in search of her youngest son, was one of the main keys to the catastrophe that followed the departure of Alston and Richard from the cottage. The unfortunate young gardener was never again seen alive! His body was found two days after, in a furze bush, with several deep knife-wounds in the side, which had caused his death. Foot-marks, indicating a violent struggle, were visible at a spot not far distant from that where the body was discovered. Beside the foot-traces a fragment of a coat was found, which, to the horror of every one, was recognised, when brought to the mother of the deceased—who was unaware of the consequences of the recognition—as a portion of William MacCarthy's dress. That unhappy being was soon found and examined. Raving from the effects of continued drinking, and stung by remorseful gnawings, which his weak mind could not conceal, he confessed to having waylaid his brother at the instigation of Alston, and with his aid to have murdered the young man, proceeding, as he thought, to meet Kathleen. Alston boldly denied all participation in what he affected to call William MacCarthy's crime, but the evidence of the broken-hearted mother, whose last act on earth the deposition was, proved him clearly, in conjunction with other circumstances, to have been a chief agent in the deed. Both of the malefactors perished on the scaffold. Alston's dying confession revealed the circumstances which had passed between him and the deceased, at the cottage; and, as may be supposed, ascribed to an

early acquired habit of indulging in ardent spirits, the fatal termination of his career.

Reader, this tale, in every circumstance, is true and of recent occurrence. Kathleen, the poor Kathleen, whose presentiment that good could not come of the projected elopement was so awfully verified, has sought for that peace, which earth, it is to be feared, can never fully restore, by entering, with her father's consent, into one of those abodes, the inmates of which dedicate themselves to the services of religion, and to the relieving of the wants of the sick and the poor. May she find there that repose which her humble virtues merit!

VISIT FROM A CANADIAN SETTLER.

We have lately had some conversation with a settler from Upper Canada. He is a Scotchman—the person in fact whom we have already alluded to in the Journal, under the name of James Lambert, and who emigrated with a wife and large family of children in 1817. On the present occasion he had returned to Edinburgh on a visit to some relatives. A life of toil for twenty years among the backwoods has had a considerable effect upon his appearance. He is regularly done brown in his complexion, and has a tough, sinewy, and shrunken look. As for his garb, it consists of coarse cloth trousers, waistcoat, and surtout, of home manufacture, dyed a dark-reddish brown by the produce of the buttternut tree, and ornamented with well worn brass buttons. In an inner breast pocket of the surtout, he carries a heavy bag of silver money to pay his way, chiefly composed of dollars of the United States and Mexican Republic, which are coarsely executed, and possess a vulgar expediency look. James, however, cares nothing for the appearance of the coins; the thing he calculates upon is getting eleven per cent. premium upon them when he carries them back to America.

The account which this homely but honest and trustworthy personage gives of Upper Canada, is by no means uninteresting, particularly to persons who have formed the design of emigrating. Without disparagement to other spots suitable for the location of emigrants, he recommends the district in which his own farm is situated. It is the London district, lying in the western part of Upper Canada, adjoining Lake Erie. London, a thriving little town, is the capital; and Port Stanley on the shore of Lake Erie is the place of disembarkation, where steam-boats touch. James's residence is twenty-eight miles from Port Stanley. The London district, which is fertile and agreeable, is now pretty well settled, and here emigrants may at all times purchase a lot of one or two hundred acres of land, a third part cleared and under crop, the remainder being ready for clearing; but at least thirty acres in the hundred are generally kept with the trees upon them, for the sake of firewood, timber for fences, the making of sugar and potashes, and the browsing of cattle. A small capital of one or two hundred pounds may be most advantageously laid out in such kind of purchases. The toil of clearing land from trees, the delay it occasions, and the danger of accidents, make it always preferable to buy land already partially cleared, and ready for yielding a return in crops. James's idea is, that, generally speaking, capitalists are less likely to succeed as settlers than poor men, because they are so liable to lose their money by speculation, by having too many irons in the fire, or by the easiness of mind which good circumstances are apt to produce. In Canada, moreover, a man known to have cash, must have "all his eyes about him." Applicants for pecuniary favours lie in wait at all hands, and the purse must be well guarded that can resist their siege. Incautious generosity is sure to be abused, and if a weak side exists, it will, to a certainty, be found out, and played upon. This arises, no doubt, from the mixed character of the population, and the scarcity of money in the colony. A prudent man, however, with capital, may carry all before him. On the other hand, it appears that men with little but their sinews have dreadful "up-hill work" at the outset of their career. Our friend advises all poor men, or individuals with small capitals, not to think of Canada at all, but to proceed at once to Michigan, a district on the west side of Lake St Clair, within the United States territory. The land in Michigan is not better than the land in Upper Canada, but it is cheaper, and much easier got. In all parts of the United States there are land-offices, to which emigrants can go and look at maps of the lands which are for sale. Taking a note of the sections for sale, they go and examine them, and as soon as they have satisfied themselves, they go back to the land-office, and laying down the price of the lot they have fixed on, they instantly get an assignment to the property. As the price is fixed at so much, say a dollar and a quarter per acre, the purchaser knows beforehand what he will have to pay, and has no trouble whatever in the matter. In Canada the system is entirely different. Sales of land by auction take place at stated intervals. A certain upset price per acre is fixed, but the price may be bidden up so as to make the land very dear. And what is worse, a man with money in his hand

has often to compete with persons who have no intention of paying at all, and who, of course, are regardless of the nominal price. This evil, some time since, was crying, and is as yet only partially remedied. To comprehend this, it must be explained that a bidder for a lot of land may retain it in his hands nine months after the sale without paying a farthing. If, at the end of this time, the lot is not in part paid, it is again put up for sale, and the defaulter incurs no penalty. He is therefore ready to bid for it again, and our friend knows of cases where the same lot has been held twenty-seven months by a man who never meant to pay a penny. Generally, however, the man who gets possession of land in this way, finds, before the end of nine months, some one ready to give him a higher price than the nominal price affixed at the sale, and contrives thus to pocket a good few dollars by the job. By making the first instalment payable at the time of the auction, this evil has been remedied in some cases, but the trickery we have alluded to is still very generally practised, being permitted by the laws of the colony. Besides, there is no ready means of ascertaining what lands are for sale; and altogether the practice is most absurd. The very time spent in waiting for the sale, eats up the small capital of the emigrant. For these reasons, emigration into Canada is almost at a stand. For some time, nearly the whole flood of emigrants has been tending towards Michigan. Onward the stream proceeds through the western part of Canada, in a ceaseless current, carrying capital and labour past the British dominions, and lodging these elements of national greatness within the favoured territory of the Union. Our informant mentions that at certain seasons the route for Michigan, which passes at no great distance from his residence, exhibits all the appearance of a road the day before a fair. Waggon follows waggon, and band follows band of foot travellers, in close continuity, as if the whole inhabitants of the eastern hemisphere were on the move towards the west. Even in winter, the migration proceeds. Among other strangely shaped vehicles of conveyance which James one day noticed, was a small wooden house with a chimney in it, drawn like a sledge by horses on the hardened snow, and containing a family bound for the land of promise.

Another reason for this remarkable disinclination of emigrants to settle in Canada, is the immense quantity of land kept in its native wild state, which has been set aside for the clergy, and for members of the naval and military professions. These tracts of woody lands impede improvement wherever they exist. Nobody will buy lands near them, for want of proper roads and other accommodations which exist in well-settled parts of the country. Thus, the kindly designs of a paternal government have, in reality, been productive of the most dire mischief to this fine portion of the British empire. That such has been, and continues to be, the state of affairs in Upper Canada, is well known, but nothing it seems can be done to reverse it. Perhaps about the year 2000, things may take a turn.

With these unfortunate drawbacks, which capitalists only can successfully oppose, Upper Canada presents the most ample field for settling advantageously. James tells us that he now possesses two hundred acres of excellent land, has a good house, and is as comfortable in every respect as he could reasonably expect to be. With respect to stock upon his little estate, he owns a pair of excellent horses, with which he works the ground, and carries produce to market; above four sheep, the wool of which affords material for clothing; several swine, and a large supply of poultry; five cows for milk, butter, and cheese to the family; and other animals. During the sugar-making season, he manufactures a sufficiency of that article from the sap of the maple tree for domestic consumption; and, generally speaking, he may be described as possessing a piteous share of this world's goods—all of which have been accumulated by his own industry, along with that of his family. His past condition as an operative weaver in the old country, is not for a moment to be compared with his present situation in life, and he has moreover the pleasure of seeing all his family in the way of well-doing about him, and the prospect of leaving them all separately and independently provided for. We can gather from the discourse of this unsophisticated being, that no one, whether rich or poor, should think of going to Upper Canada who cannot endure very considerable hardships, and also accommodate themselves to a very rough style of manners. For example, a man may be able to endure hard labour, but has he a temper sufficiently pliable to permit familiarities from a class of individuals, coarse, ignorant, and obtrusive? Doors are not generally locked at night, and passing travellers occasionally drop in and make themselves quite at home at the fireside, perhaps fill the cabin with the fumes of tobacco, while the family are all the time in bed, and either not caring for or not heeding the intrusion. James mentions that this free-and-easy way of living is far from uncommon; at first he thought it "a wondrous curious," but now he does not mind it, because nobody steals anything. We touched him on rather a sensitive point—namely, how the Sabbath day was attended to, and he says, "No very well; there's a gude deal o' hingin' about, but not so much working on that day as there used to be. There's now a minister, but he is far frae being weel paid; folk grudge the siller, and find it the cheapest way no to gang to the kirk awa. On pressing him, we found that unless the minister

had a farm of his own for subsistence, he could not possibly exist. This corroborates what we heard lately from a clergyman belonging to another district of British America, where the people are guilty of the meanness of inducing clergymen to come amongst them, and of refusing to support them when once they are settled and fulfilling their duties, though such maintenance might be easily spared.

We conclude by repeating our former advice to intending emigrants, that they should proceed by way of Liverpool to New York (passage 18 dollars); from New York to Albany by steam vessel (1 dollar); from Albany to Buffalo by canal boat (say 4 dollars); and from Buffalo to Port Stanley by steam vessel (2 or 3 dollars). Altogether, including provisions, the conveyance from England to Upper Canada will be about £8.

LIFE AND POETRY OF MICHAEL BRUCE.

A NOTICE of the life and poetry of Michael Bruce may well be given thus near to the article in a late paper respecting the life and poetry of John Keats, for there is much resemblance in the genius, and still more in the fates, of the two men. The subject, however, has been suggested on the present occasion by the appearance of a new and more than usually careful edition of Bruce's poems, to which is prefixed a life of the author, containing many new circumstances, and an elaborate inquiry into the question respecting some of his disputed pieces.* In the following article we shall chiefly depend upon this new Life, of the merits of which we shall speak in the sequel.

Bruce was born, in the year 1746, at Kinnesswood, in Kinross-shire, a lonely village on the slope of the west Lomond Hill, and immediately adjacent to the eastern extremity of Lochleven. His father, Alexander Bruce, was a weaver, one of Scotland's thinking peasantry, profoundly versed in theology, not unacquainted with general literature, and possessed of a vast fund of sagacious observation respecting men and manners. It cannot but be matter of surprise to a reader little acquainted with Scotland, that this humble labourer in a secluded and primitive part of the country, and who lived a hundred years ago, possessed and enjoyed, among other works, those of Alexander Pope. Michael, the fifth of eight children born to his father, acquired the art of reading from his parents before he had reached his fourth year. He was at that age sent to the parish school, with the Bible for his lesson-book. "The master," we are told, "was surprised at what he considered the stupidity of his parents, in furnishing their child with the sacred volume instead of the Shorter Catechism, the sheet through the medium of which children were then initiated in the art of reading. His surprise, however, was transferred from the parents to the child, when, upon asking him to show what he could do, he commenced reading with fluency at the place pointed out to him. At the end of the first week, he was considered by his instructor to have been long enough among the easy lessons of the Gospels, and was therefore enjoined to bring with him, upon his return, the book read by the more advanced class. Into the other branches of learning acquired in boyhood, he was introduced proportionably early. That he was able to write by the time he was six years of age, appears from a letter of his own." The father, yielding to the natural taste of the child, "borrowed and bought for his use every book of poetry which came in his way. It is a scene yet well remembered by those who witnessed it, when the father of our poet went down to a book-stall, at one of the fairs in the place, with Michael, then a mere child, in his hand, and inquired for the poems of Sir David Lyndsay, the Burns of his day. The vendor of knowledge did not happen to have the book, but upon learning that it was intended for the child before him, was so surprised that he should wish it, that he took up a little volume, entitled, 'A Key to the Gates of Heaven,' and promised to give it to him, on condition that he would read a portion of it upon the spot, which being done to his satisfaction, he awarded him the prize." It is difficult to convince ourselves that the country which produced such men as Alexander Bruce, and such children as his son, was, for many years after, chiefly known to the people of the sister kingdom as caricatured in the ribaldry of Churchill, and the satiric dramas of Foote.

The school education of Michael Bruce was irregular. He was often unable to attend from ill health; for the wasting disease which brought him to a premature grave was engendered in his constitution at his birth, and was imperceptibly strengthening itself in his delicate frame. His appearance, even then, indicated his tendency to phthisis. He was slenderly

made, with a long neck, and narrow chest; his skin white, and shining; his cheeks tinged with red, rather than ruddy; his hair yellowish, and inclined to curl. But his attendance at school was more frequently prevented by the poverty of his parents than interrupted by disease. In order to procure the necessities of life in greater abundance than their own personal labours admitted, they hired out each child to herd cattle as soon as it was capable of performing the task. In this service Michael was employed during six successive summers. His pastoral duties were chiefly performed on the Lomonds, the range of hills which rise behind his native village. Although deprived during this period of the benefits of a living instructor, his mind was schooling itself in the elements of poetry, by imbibing those impressions which nature, when she presents herself in the sublime and beautiful, never fails to make upon susceptible minds. Cowper affirms that 'the love of nature's works is born with all.' But few appear to possess an exquisite relish for its beauties. Michael Bruce, however, child as he was, even then 'looked round on nature and on life with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet.' The impressions which he imbibed thus early remained with him, and were the same upon which he fell back, when in after life he was shut out from the society of kindred spirits, and deprived of such scenery as his eye could rest upon with delight. He then placed himself in imagination upon the knoll on which he had often reclined when tending his herd, and lived over again those delicious moments when life was new, and when nature, for the first time, presented to him some of her loveliest scenes. His poem on 'Lochleven' is wholly made up of these reminiscences, and ought to be regarded by the reader as the impressions of the shepherd boy, clothed in the language of the student and the scholar.

That our poet's progress in learning was greatly hindered by his frequent and long-continued absence from school, will be readily supposed by the reader; but it is known that he was as diligent in the prosecution of his studies when upon the hill-side, or by the 'farmer's ingle,' as when upon the farm at school, or under his father's eye, with the task of the succeeding day prescribed to him. When attending upon a master's instructions, he had often to wait for his class-fellows to come up to him; but, upon his return after a six months' absence, they did not require to wait till he should come up to them. Before a fortnight had elapsed, he was uniformly at the top of his class. Nor did this precedence, at which he so speedily arrived, and which he so constantly maintained, excite any jealousy among his rivals, or suspicion that partiality was shown to him. The greatest deference was unhesitatingly rendered him, not only by those who had been more recently introduced to the school, but also by those who contended with him for the place of honour in his own class. Michael's word was of as great authority in the school as the master's. His presence quelled all quarrels; to him the injured fled for protection, and to him the disputant made his appeal.

When he had reached his eleventh year, his father formed the wish that he should be reared, if possible, for the clerical profession; and he accordingly began to study Latin in the parish school. Four years thereafter, he was judged fit to proceed to the university; but the necessary funds were wanting. He thought of presenting himself for a bursary (exhibitionship) at St Andrews, but was prevented by the fear that his connection with the Secession, or Dissenters, would cause his rejection. Opportunely, a relative left his father two hundred merks Scots (£11, 2s. 2½d.), and upon the strength of this small sum, with a friendly promise from a neighbour of occasional supplies of provisions, Michael proceeded to the University of Edinburgh. Let not grandeur hear "with a disdainful smile" the hardships to which he thus voluntarily subjected himself. "He had been accustomed at home to the humblest fare, and therefore would not be much concerned that he was unable to command luxuries abroad. But there is some reason to suspect that, in consequence of his peculiar delicacy in stating his wants, and from the necessity of eking out his little stock of means, he had often to dispense with necessary diet. Some of his fellow students who suspected his very straitened circumstances, were willing to share their meals with him, but he could not brook the thought of being fed out of pity; and whenever the invitation seemed to him to proceed from that feeling, he uniformly declined it. He is even supposed to have excused himself, when he must have been convinced that the invitation was prompted by pure respect, because his finances would not permit him to return the compliment." We learn that, by dint of saving and borrowing, his father was able occasionally to send him small supplies, while the friendly neighbour, a Mr Arnot of Portmouk, fulfilled his promise by now and then sending him presents of his dairy and farm produce. "But that he was in the most straitened circumstances, while prosecuting his studies, has been shown by a letter of his, already published. 'Edinburgh, November 27, 1764. I daily meet with proofs that money is a necessary evil. When in an auction, I often say to myself, How happy should I be if I had money to purchase such a book!' At the end of each session he returned home much exhausted by his application to study, but speedily recruited through the attentions of the proprietor of Portmouk, with whom, during the recess of college, he chiefly

resided, although he was seldom in perfect health, complaining generally of headaches and depression of spirits."

From a very early period of his life, and during his attendance at college, Bruce employed himself in the composition of poetry, and, brief as his career was, there is reason to conclude that his writings were numerous, though accident has deprived us of the most of them. When he had completed the nineteenth year of his age, and the fourth season of his university education, he was employed to teach a small school at the village of Gairney Bridge, near Kinross. He had twenty-eight scholars, whom he drilled in a poor little hovel, with seats composed of boards laid on blocks of wood; and it is mentioned, that, from the gentleness of his nature, he abstained from the use of the rod amongst his pupils. His emoluments here did not exceed the rate of eleven pounds a-year; but the parents of the children took care that he should experience no want. In the ensuing winter, 1765-6, he attended the divinity class of his communion, which chanced to be established at Kinross; and it affords a lively idea of his mature character, that the professor, a grave divine, treated him as a friend and companion rather than as a pupil. At the close of the first session in spring, he removed to Forrest Mill, a lonely place in the upper part of Glendevon, where he taught the children of a few farmers under circumstances similar to those just noticed. He did not relish the situation, and his malady was advancing upon him with rapid steps; yet he continued to cultivate poetry, and to maintain a resigned, if not a cheerful state of feeling. "I expected to be happy here," he says in a letter to a friend, "and I am not; and my sanguine hope is the reason of my disappointment. The easiest part of my life is past, and I was never happy. I sometimes compare my condition with that of others, and imagine if I was in theirs, it would be well. But is not every body thus? Perhaps he whom I envy thinks he would be glad to change with me, and yet neither would be better for the change. Things are not very well in this world, but they are pretty well. They might have been worse; and, as they are, may please us who have but a few short days to use them. This scene of affairs, though a very perplexed, is a very short one, and in a little while all will be cleared up. Let us endeavour to please God, our fellow-creatures, and ourselves. In such a course of life we shall be as happy as we can expect in such a world as this. Thus, you who cultivate your farm with your own hands, and I who teach a dozen blockheads for bread, may be happier than he who, having more than he can use, tortures his brain to invent new methods of killing himself with the superfluity."

In the ensuing winter, fearing that he could not live much longer, he returned to the humble home of his parents at Kinnesswood, that he might have the benefit of their kindness when stretched on the bed of death. Spring came, without bringing any alleviation of his sufferings, and he then composed that ode, of which a few of the stanzas are now among the most universally familiar in the language—stanzas which it is impossible to meet casually in any place without pausing to read them—

Now spring returns, but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with life are down.
Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
Mourning and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
And count the silent moments as they pass—
The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with those that rest.

During this his last illness, the young poet manifested his usual devotional feeling, and looked upon his approaching dissolution with that placid calmness which might be expected from a sound-reasoning being. After lingering some months, he breathed his last on the 5th of July 1767, thus dying at the age of twenty-one years and three months. His Bible was found upon his pillow, marked down at the passage "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him."

Of the personal character of this child of genius, we are told that it was every thing that is amiable. "All his associates with whom we have conversed," says his biographer, "continue to speak of his memory in strains almost rapturous. The vicissitudes of three-score years have not been able to obliterate him from their recollections, or alter the fondness with which they have always been disposed to speak of him. They appear to regard it as indicating coldness of heart, if their auditors do not listen with all the earnestness which they themselves feel in describing him; and the sure way to engage them in interesting conversation, is to mention the name of Michael Bruce."

Soon after Bruce's death, John Logan, one of his college friends, obtained possession of the whole of his manuscripts, from which, in 1770, he compiled the materials of a small volume, under the title of "Poems on Several Occasions, by Michael Bruce," professing, however, in the preface, that a few of the pieces were by other writers, and had been thrown in to make the volume up to a proper bulk. When, some years after, he published a volume of his own poems, he included in it some of the most admired pieces of Bruce's volume, particularly the beautiful Ode to the Cuckoo. In the present publication, every possible effort has been

* *Lochleven, and Other Poems*, by Michael Bruce, with a Life of the Author from original sources. By the Rev. William Macdowie, Balgownie, Kinross-shire. Edinburgh: M. Paterson, Union Place, 1837.

made to ascertain the validity of Mr Logan's claims to these poems, and the result arrived at is one which will somewhat startle those who have been accustomed to regard that individual as not only a poet and divine of considerable eloquence, but an honest man. It appears, in short, to be proved that Logan suppressed much of the poetry of Bruce, set forth many of his best pieces as his own, and defrauded the surviving parents of his friend of both the proceeds of the volume mentioned, and of the remaining manuscripts. The question here settled is not an unimportant one, for the authorship of so favourite a poem as the Ode to the Cuckoo alone, is enough to make a poetical reputation. Not only, then, is this shown to have been Bruce's, but every reason is given to conclude that to him, also, are we to ascribe three at least out of eleven paraphrases of scripture, which Logan affected to contribute to the well-known collection sanctioned by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. In all likelihood Bruce has been defrauded of more than three; but Mr Mackelvie, for want of evidence, puts in positive claims for no more. And what will be the surprise of the public when it is found, that these three are among the most beautiful in the Assembly's collection. The following are the first verses of these eloquently written hymns:—

O happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man of woman born;
Thy doom is written. Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.
The beam that shines on Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King that reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command!

Mr Mackelvie, in our opinion, while entitled to much credit for his Life of Bruce, which is a pleasing piece of biography, is peculiarly to be applauded for the zeal and industry he has displayed in clearing up this shocking case of literary fraud. To find justice done at this distance of time upon the delinquent, raises feelings somewhat akin to those with which we hear of the discovery of some atrocious murder long ago committed, or read the conclusion of a novel, where, after years of unmerited suffering, we find innocence triumphant at last. Henceforth, the name of Michael Bruce must stand considerably higher in the list of the British poets than it has hitherto done, and that of Logan proportionally lower, if it can now be admitted at all.

Bruce was not, of course, exempt from the formal rules and the cold diction which enchained the soul of British poetry during the greater part of the eighteenth century; but, as in the cases of Collins and Gray, native ardour of mind has given many of his pieces a superior animation and a finer imagery. His ballad of Sir James the Ross, his Lochleven, his Ode to Spring, the Cuckoo, and the Scriptural paraphrases of which he is now found to be the author, are the best of his compositions. We have not room for a full assortment of specimens; but of his Cuckoo, familiar as it is, we may here give the genuine version, as printed by Mr Mackelvie:—

TO THE CUCKOO.
Hail, beautiful stranger of the wood!
Attendant on the Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.
Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?
Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flow'rs,
When heaven's in fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bow'rs.
The school-boy, wand'ring in the wood
To pull the flow'rs so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.
Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'st thy vocal vane.
An annual guest, in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.
Sweet bird! thy bow's is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!
O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

DON'T QUARREL.

ONE of the most easy, the most common, and most perfectly foolish things in the world, is—to quarrel, no matter with whom, man, woman, or child; or upon what pretence, provocation, or occasion whatsoever. There is no kind of necessity in it, no manner of use in it, and no species of degree of benefit to be gained by it. And yet strange as the fact may be, theologists quarrel, and politicians, lawyers, doctors, and princes, quarrel, the church quarrels, and the state quarrels; nations and tribes, and corporations, men, women, and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts, quarrel about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions.

If there is any thing in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his fingers in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than he did before one—it degrades him in his own eyes, and in the eyes of others—and what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on

the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other.

The reason people quarrel about religion, is because they really have so little of it, and the harder they quarrel, the more abundantly do they prove it. A man has a right to stand fast by his religious faith—a right to insist upon it, a right to present it respectfully, on all proper occasions, to the consideration of others, but he has no right to quarrel; and any man that will quarrel about these things, in my opinion has not much to quarrel about.

Politicians need not quarrel. Whosoever quarrels with a man for his political opinions, is himself denying the first principle of freedom—freedom of thought, moral liberty, without which there is nothing in politics worth a groat: it is therefore wrong upon principle. You have on this subject a right to your own opinions, so have others; you have a right to convince them, if you can: they have the same. Exercise your rights, but again I say—don't quarrel.

The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbours. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest policy is, if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him: no matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally just to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.—*Emporium, an American publication.*

A DISTRESSED FATHER.

HENRY NEWBURY, a lad only thirteen years old, and Edward Chidley, aged seventeen, were fully committed for trial, charged with stealing a silver tea-pot from the house of a gentleman in Grosvenor Place. There was nothing extraordinary in the circumstances of the robbery. Young Newbury was observed to go down into the area of the house, whilst his companion kept watch, and they were caught endeavouring to conceal the tea-pot under some rubbish in the Five Fields, Chelsea; but the case was made peculiarly interesting by the unsophisticated distress of Newbury's father.

The poor old man, who it seems had been a soldier, and was at this time a journeyman paviour, refused at first to believe that his son had committed the crime imputed to him, and was very clamorous against the witnesses; but as their evidence proceeded, he himself appeared to become gradually convinced. He listened with intense anxiety to the various details; and when they were finished, he fixed his eyes in silence for a second or two upon his son, and, turning to the magistrate, with his eyes swimming in tears, he exclaimed, "I have carried him many a score miles on my knapsack, your honour!"

There was something so deeply pathetic in the tone with which this fond reminiscence was uttered by the old soldier, that every person present, even the very jailor himself, was affected by it. "I have carried him many a score mile on my knapsack, your honour," repeated the poor fellow, whilst he brushed away the tears from his cheek with his rough unwashed hand, "but it's all over now!—He has done—and so have I!"

The magistrate asked him something of his story. He said he had formerly driven a stage-coach in the north of Ireland, and had a small share in the proprietorship of the coach. In this time of his prosperity he married a young woman with a little property, but he failed in business, and, after enduring many troubles, he enlisted as a private soldier in the 18th, or royal Irish regiment of foot, and went on foreign service, taking with him his wife and four children—Henry (the prisoner) being his second son, and his "darling pride." At the end of nine years he was discharged, in this country, without a pension, or a friend in the world; and coming to London, he with some trouble got employed as a paviour by "the gentlemen who manage the streets at Mary-la-bonne." "Two years ago, your honour," he continued, "my poor wife was wearied out with the world, and she deceased from me, and I was left alone with the children; and every night after I had done work, I washed their faces, and put them to bed, and washed their little bits o' things, and hanged them on the line to dry, myself—for I'd no money, your honour, and so I could not have a housekeeper to do for them, you know. But, your honour, I was as happy as I well could be, considering my wife was deceased from me, till some bad people came to live at the back of us, and they were always striving to get Henry amongst them, and I was terribly afraid something bad would come of it, as it was but poorly I could do for him; and so I'd made up my mind to take all my children to Ireland. If he had only held up another week, your honour, we should have gone, and he would have been saved. But now!—"

Here the poor man looked at his boy again, and wept; and when the magistrate endeavoured to console him by observing that his son would sail for Botany Bay, and probably do well there, he replied, somewhat impatiently, "Ay, it's fine talking, your worship; I pray to the great God he may never sail any where, unless he sails with me to Ireland!" And then, after a moment's thought, he asked, in the humblest tone imaginable, "Doesn't your honour think a little bit of a petition might help him?" The magistrate replied, it possibly might; and added, "If you attend his trial at the Old Bailey, and plead for him as eloquently in word and action as you have done here, I think it would help him still more." "Ay, but then you won't be there, I suppose, will you?" asked the poor fellow, with that familiarity which is in some degree sanctioned by extreme distress; and when his worship replied that he certainly should not be present, he immediately rejoined, "Then, what's the use of it? There will be nobody there who knows me; and what strangers will listen to a poor old broken-hearted fellow, who can't speak for crying?" The prisoners were now removed from the bar to be conducted to prison, and his son, who had wept incessantly all the time, called wildly to him, "Father! father!" as if he expected his father could snatch him out of the iron grasp of the law. But the old man remained rivetted, as it were, to the spot on which

he stood, with his eyes fixed on the lad until the door had closed upon him; and then putting on his hat, unconscious where he was, and crushing it down over his brow, he began wandering round the room in a state of stupor. The officers in waiting reminded him that he should not wear his hat in the presence of the magistrate, and he instantly removed it; but he still seemed lost to every thing around him, and though one or two gentlemen present put money into his hands, he heeded it not, but slowly sauntered out of the office, apparently reckless of every thing.

These lads were tried at the Old Bailey, and being found guilty, they were sentenced to seven years' transportation, which sentence was afterwards commuted to five years' imprisonment in the Milbank Penitentiary.—*Mornings at Bow Street: London, 1824.*

HAY-MAKING—PLEASURES OF RURAL SCENERY.

I BELIEVE few people have contemplated the occupations of the hay field, which this beautiful season every where presents, without feeling a very pure and elevated delight. The mowers moving gracefully in concert, the grass falling sheer beneath the scythe, its grateful fragrance, the maidens raking or tedding the hay, the loading of the carts to remove it to the barnyard, all excite a sensible pleasure in almost every mind.

Wide flies the tedded grain. All in a row,
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshing round a rural smell;
Or, as they rake the green appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay; while, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.—*THOMSON.*

Whence arises the enjoyment which this rural occupation calls forth, both in the bystander, and those who are engaged in it? It seems almost entirely the result of association. Something, indeed, may be attributed to the mere animal pleasure of a healthy employment in the open air, while breezes, freighted with sweet odours, breathe softly, and shed their salubrious influence around; but if we consider the matter calmly and discriminatingly, we shall find that by far the deepest and most exhilarating sense of the emotion lies in suggestions and feelings chiefly of a moral and benevolent kind. How far there may be a pleasure of taste arising from the swinging motion of the mowers, moving as if actuated by one common impulse, independent of any other principle of the mind, I shall not pretend to determine. Mental operations are so recondite, and the seat and moving cause of inward emotion is so mysterious, that, when we attempt to analyse, we may, in our ignorance, overlook some important element; but undoubtedly a chief part of our enjoyment arises from a secret sentiment of sympathy. A concerted movement implies a common will; and this of itself excites an agreeable sensation in the mind, when that will is directed to some useful object. The pleasure, too, arising from a scheme of utility successfully completed, is another moral element that enters into the feeling. The farmer has sown in hope, he is now reaping in joy, and we feel a sentiment of congratulation, even where we have no opportunity of expressing it. We place ourselves in his situation, and shadow forth to our imaginations what he must feel at this consummation of his labours and anxieties. That this is a very principal part of our enjoyment, will appear obvious, if we only consider that the feeling is much enhanced by the luxuriance of the crop, and the favourable nature of the weather. Let any man fancy to himself, what would be his sensations, were he to see the very same operation going forward in a field overgrown with weeds, or where the hay was stunted in its growth, or withered by the drought; and let him further think what a different feeling would occupy his mind if he saw the mowers plying their task, for some cause, in the midst of a storm; yet the movements are the same; the associations only are changed.

The very same observations may be applied to the other labours of the hay field. It is the pleasure of sympathy, an excitement of the benevolent feeling in our breast; and it is a wise arrangement of our Creator, that all rural occupations, prosperously carried on, are attended with a similar feeling. It not only increases the sum of our enjoyments, but, in a very salutary manner, exercises the social virtues.

Mr Alison, in his work on the "Principles of Taste," extends this view even to rural scenery. "A common English landscape," says he, "green meadows, with cattle, canals, or navigable rivers; well fenced, well cultivated fields, neat, clean, scattered cottages; humble, antique churches, with churchyard elms, and crossing hedgerows, all seen under bright skies, and in good weather; there is much beauty, as every one will allow, in such a scene. But in what does the beauty consist? Not certainly in the mere mixture of colours and forms; for colours more pleasing, and lines more graceful (according to any theory of grace that may be preferred), might be spread upon a board or a painter's pallet, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion in the mind; but, in the picture of human happiness that is presented to our imaginations and affections, in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort, and cheerful and peace-

enjoyment, and of that secure and successful industry which secures its continuance, and of the piety with which it is exalted, and the simplicity by which it is contrasted with the guilt and the fever of a city life; in the images of health, and temperance, and plenty, which it exhibits to every eye, and the glimpses which it affords to warmer imaginations, of those primitive or fabulous times, when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition, and of those humble retreats in which we still delight to imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asylum."

There is much good feeling, as well as sound philosophy in this view, although there may perhaps be a somewhat undue but excusable leaning to the author's own peculiar theory. The beauty and general truth of the sentiment that follows, cannot fail to strike every mind, whether the philosophical view which it is intended to establish be adopted or not. "At all events, however, it is human feeling that excites our sympathy, and forms the object of our emotions. It is man that we see in the beauties of the earth which he inhabits; or, if a more sensitive and extensive sympathy connect us with the lower families of animated nature, and make us rejoice with the lambs that bleat on the uplands, or the cattle that ruminate in the valley, or even with the living plants that drink the bright sun and the balmy air, it is still the idea of enjoyment—of feelings that animate the existence of sentient beings, that calls forth all our emotions, and is the parent of all that beauty with which we invest the objects of the inanimate creation around us."

Without determining whether or not there may be too much exclusiveness in this view of the origin of a sense of the beautiful, I shall add that there is here a foundation for a deep and enlightened devotional sentiment. While our sympathies go forth towards our fellow mortals, in the contemplation of the objects with which we are surrounded, we have but to take another step to connect this feeling with the Author of all that interests our affections, and calls forth our emotions. Such, indeed, is the habitual feeling of the pious mind. He sees God in every thing; and, whenever his heart overflows with pleasure, it rises in gratitude and admiration to the Source of all pleasure—his taste acquiring new expansion, his sentiments additional force and elevation, and his enjoyments a warmer and brighter glow.—*Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons: SUMMER.*

SHIPWRECK ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND COAST.

SOME years ago a shipwreck took place on the coast of Newfoundland, in which almost the whole crew would have perished but for the assistance of a dog. The story of the event is as follows:—In the year 1818, the transport-ship Harpioneer was hired by government for the purpose of carrying a large number of military from England to Canada, and the vessel had a prosperous voyage until it reached that dangerous navigation, the mouth of the St Lawrence, on the American coast. The number of persons it carried was considerable. Including detachments of several regiments, and the women and children who accompanied them, there were on board three hundred and eighty-five souls. Whether from the heavy burden carried, or the weather which prevailed, is unknown, but from one or other of those causes, or perhaps the want of some necessary precaution, on the evening of the 10th of November, a few minutes before nine o'clock, and while pitch dark, the ship struck against one of the outlying rocks called St Shotts, on the coast of Newfoundland. The shock was not very great, but it was enough to raise the greatest consternation in the minds of all who were on board. After the first concussion, the vessel beat over, as it is called, and proceeded a short distance, when she struck again, and began to fill with water. Encircled among rocks, the wind blowing strong, night dark, and a very heavy sea rolling, she soon fell over on her larboard beam end; and, to heighten the terror and alarm, a lighted candle communicated fire to some spirits in the master's cabin, which, in the confusion, was with difficulty extinguished.

The ship still driving over the rocks, her masts were cut away, by which some men were carried overboard. The vessel drifted over, near the high rocks, towards the main. In this situation, every one became terrified: the suddenness of the sea rushing in, carried away the births and stanchions between decks, when men, women, and children, were drowned, and many were killed by the force with which they were driven against the loose baggage, casks, and staves, which floated below. All that possibly could, got upon deck, but from the crowd and confusion that prevailed, the orders of the officers and master to the soldiers and seamen were unavailing; death staring every one in the face; the ship striking on the rocks, as though she would instantly upset. The shrieking and pressing of the people to the starboard side was so violent, that several were much hurt. About eleven o'clock, the boats on the deck were washed overboard by a heavy sea; but even from the commencement of the disaster, the hopes of any individual being saved were but very small.

From this time until four o'clock the next morning, all on the wreck were anxiously praying for the light to break upon them. The boat from the stern was in the meanwhile lowered down, when the first mate and four seamen, at the risk of their lives, pushed off to the shore. They with difficulty effected a landing upon the main land, behind a high rock, nearest to where the stern of the vessel had been driven. The log-line was thrown from the wreck, with a hope that they might lay hold of it; but darkness, and the tremendous surf that beat, rendered it impracticable. During this awful time of suspense, the possibility of sending a line to them by a dog occurred to the master: the animal was brought aft, and thrown into the sea with a line tied round his middle, and with it he swam towards the rock upon which the mate and seamen were standing. It is impossible to describe the sensations which were excited at seeing this faithful dog struggling with the waves, and, on reaching the summit of the rock, repeatedly dashed back again by the surf into the sea; until at length, by unceasing exertions, he effected a landing. One end of the line being on board, a stronger rope was hauled and fastened to the rock.

At about six o'clock in the morning of the 11th, the first person was landed by this means; and afterwards, by an improvement in rigging the rope, and placing each individual in slings, they were with greater facility extricated from the wreck; but during this passage, it was with the utmost difficulty that the unfortunate sufferers could maintain their hold, as the sea beat over them, and some were dragged to the shore in a state of insensibility. Lieutenant Wilson was lost, being unable to hold on the rope with his hands; he was twice struck by the sea, fell backwards out of the slings, and after swimming for a considerable time amongst the floating wreck, by which he was struck on the head, he perished. Many who threw themselves overboard, trusting for their safety to swimming, were lost: they were dashed to pieces by the surf on the rocks, or by the floating pieces of the wreck.

The rope at length, by constant working, and by swinging across the sharp rock, was cut in two; and there being no means of replacing it, the spectacle became more than ever terrific; the sea beating over the wreck with great violence, washed numbers overboard; and at last the wreck, breaking up at the stern from midships and fore-castle, precipitated all that remained into one common destruction.

The parting of the ship was noticed by those on shore, and signified with the most dreadful cry of "GO FORWARD!" It is difficult to paint the horror of the scene;—children clinging to their parents for help; parents themselves struggling with death, and stretching out their feeble arms to save their children, dying within their grasp.

The total number of persons lost was two hundred and eight, and one hundred and seventy-seven were saved. Lieutenant Mylrea, of the 4th veteran battalion, one of the oldest subalterns in the service, and then upwards of seventy years of age, was the last person who quitted the wreck. When he had seen every other person either safe, or beyond the power of assistance, he threw himself on to a rock, from which he was afterwards rescued. Among the severest sufferers, was the daughter of Surgeon Armstrong, who lost on this fatal night her father, mother, brother, and two sisters!

The rock which the survivors were landed upon, was about one hundred feet above the water, surrounded at the flowing of the tide. On the top of this rock they were obliged to remain during the whole of the night without shelter, food, or nourishment, exposed to wind and rain, and many without shoes. The only comfort that presented itself was a fire, which was made from pieces of the wreck that had been washed ashore.

At daylight on the morning of the 12th, at low water, their removal to the opposite land was effected, some being let down by a rope, others slipping down a ladder to the bottom. After they crossed over, they directed their course to a house or fisherman's shed, distant about a mile and a half from the wreck, where they remained until the next day. The proprietor of this miserable shed not having the means of supplying relief to so considerable a number as took refuge, a party went over land to Trepassy, about fourteen miles distant, through a marshy country, not inhabited by any human creature. This party arrived at Trepassy, and reported the event to Messrs Jackson, Burke, Sims, and the Rev. Mr Brown, who immediately took measures for alleviating the distressed, by dispatching men with provisions and spirits, and to assist in bringing all those forward to Trepassy who could walk.

On the 13th, in the evening, the major part of the survivors (assisted by the inhabitants, who, during the journey, carried the weak and feeble upon their backs) arrived at Trepassy, where they were billeted, by order of the magistrate, proportionally upon each house.

There still remained at St Shotts, the wife of a sergeant of the veteran battalion, with a child, of which she was delivered on the top of the rocks shortly after she was saved. A private, whose leg was broken, and a woman, severely bruised by the wreck, were also necessarily left there.

Immediately after the arrival at Trepassy, measures were adopted for the comfort and refreshment of the detachments, and boats were provided for their removal to St John's, where they ultimately arrived in safety.

LORD MELVILLE'S PET TUP.

MELVILLE CASTLE, the seat of the Melville family, is situated in a low-lying patch of meadow ground on the banks of the river Esk, a few miles south of Edinburgh, and, with the adjacent village of Lasswade with its church and mill, composes a scene of much picturesque beauty. Melville Castle was for many years the favourite place of residence of its proprietor, Henry Dundas, Lord Viscount Melville, and here took place, according to village gossip, the following serio-comic incident:—

His lordship, it seems, possessed a favourite tup or ram, which, from long petting, had been rendered quite tame like a dog, and followed his master all about the premises. Out of a jocular compliment to William Pitt, the tup was named Will, or Willie, and, as such, was well known to all the neighbours. Although Willie was upon the whole docile, he was rather fond of mischief, and on that account the servants did not much like him. If the gardener for a short while forgot to shut the garden-door, Will was almost sure to get in, and directly to set about tramping down the borders, smashing the flowers, and breaking the glasses. When the weather was cold, he was also fond of boring his way into the kitchen, where he was not long in knocking down a few plates, and committing other damage, all which he did without the smallest regard for the consequences.

In the summer of 1793, Lord Melville came to Scotland to spend a few weeks at his castle, and in his perambulations through the parks and pleasure-grounds, his old friend Will was often his attendant. On going out in the morning, he used to get a piece of cake from the kitchen, and putting it into his pocket, he gave the animal a piece now and then, which kept him still following on. And, by the bye, his lordship was very fond of a piece of cake himself, and used to have some of it at table every meal he took. After stopping about two months, his lordship began to prepare for his journey back to London; but before setting out, he determined to give a dinner to his friends in Edinburgh and the country around. Accordingly, cards of invitation were sent, requesting the company of those mentioned in each of them to dinner at Melville Castle on the 6th day of September, being three days before the time he meant to take his journey. The day appointed turned out to be most remarkably warm; and when the hour drew near at which the company were expected, his lordship went into the drawing-room to see that every thing was in proper order, after which he went out by the front door, which he thoughtlessly left open behind him. Will was sauntering about the outside of the house, panting with the heat; but seeing the door open, he stepped in, and as the drawing-room door, which was on the first floor, was also open, he at once went forward into it. At the farther end of the room there was an uncommonly large and beautiful mirror, which cost two hundred guineas, but which was said to have been worth far more money than was paid for it. It was bought at the sale of a Spanish ambassador who was leaving London, and was therefore such a mirror as could scarcely be found. Now, Will was a black-faced moorland tup, with large curled horns; and no sooner did he see his own likeness in the glass, which reached down almost to the floor, than, stamping with his foot, and snorting with his nose, he stepped back as far as he could, then running forward, and striking the mirror a most tremendous blow, he brought all down with a horrid crash. One of the servants saw him stamping and stepping back, but he being a person from London, and not happening to know any thing of the nature of rams, never imagined that the one before him would strike at a shadow, therefore stood looking at him till he ran furiously forward, when it was too late to stop him from doing the mischief. Lord Melville was standing at the front door when he heard the dreadful downcome of the glass. He came running in, and soon saw the havoc that was made, and easily judged how it had been done. Will was standing on the floor, shaking his head, and seemingly surprised at the result of his attack. His lordship thought, at first, to have had him killed immediately, but his good nature soon got the better of his passion. "Ah, Will, Will," said he, "thou little knowest what ill thou hast done." The servants were immediately ordered to clear away the broken glass; the house joiner was called in all haste; and another mirror, the next best in the house, was immediately put up, but it was very far inferior to the one that was broken. Just as they had got things put a little in order, the company began to arrive, but there was only one gentleman that missed the large looking-glass. "My lord," said he, "this is not surely the superb Spanish mirror that used to be here; where have you put it?" "Oh, never mind," said his lordship; "I'll tell you that some other time;" on which more company arriving, no more was said about it. At last dinner was announced, which was both plentiful and sumptuous; and when the table was cleared, his lordship requested the attention of the company for a little, when he related to them in plain and pointed language the unlucky prank played by poor Will. The sensations of the hearers were various. Some cried out, "O, what a pity!" and others, "O, what a loss!" while others proposed that Will should be killed immediately. "No, no," said his lordship; "if I were to order the poor animal to be put to death for indulging a natural propensity, what good would it do?—it would not mend the glass, but only gratify a poor and pitiful revenge; besides, I was partly to blame myself, as

I neglected to shut the drawing-room door; no, no, I will let him live another year, and long before that time all anger will have died away, and he will only share the common fate of other animals like himself. I called him Will, after my friend William Pitt, and once, in an hour of thoughtless levity, I told Mr Pitt so, but he only laughed at me, saying I was a fool; however, when the ram is killed, if I live till that time, I will have the hams properly cured and sent to London, and when I have Mr Pitt some day at dinner, I will present him with a plate cut from these hams, telling him at the same time that these belonged to his namesake Will. I will also inform him of the loss I sustained. But that is not all: I will have one of his horns made into a snuff-mull, mounted with silver, and the other shall be made into a big spoon; these I will also present to the prime minister, the one to hold his snuising, and the other to divide his kail."

All this, in course of time, was done accordingly. The ram was killed next year, and the hams were cured with great care. The horns were given to an eminent artist in Edinburgh, who made one into a large spoon, and the other into a capacious snuff-mull, beautifully mounted with silver, and a brilliant Cairngorm stone set in the lid. When all was ready, they were carefully packed up and sent off to London. On the Christmas day following, Lord Melville had a large party to dinner, and among others, was Mr Pitt. When they had nearly finished, his lordship addressed the prime minister, asking leave to help him to a little of mutton ham, "which," said he, "I think is very good; and if the company will pay attention for a little, I will relate something very particular concerning the animal to which these hams belonged." Every one was immediately silent, on which his lordship, with as much brevity as he possibly could, related all the circumstances above stated. When he had finished, there was nothing but handing of plates, every one wishing to taste a little of the flesh of the famous ram. When all were served, his lordship, addressing Mr Pitt in a joenlar manner, said, he thought he should pay him for the loss he had sustained by his namesake. "I have nothing to do with it," said Mr Pitt; "I never became bound for my namesake's behaviour. If you had asked leave to call him after me, and I had granted it, I know not what I might have done; but as it is, you must just put up with your loss, which must be a very serious one, according to the value of the article destroyed." "Well, well," said his lordship laughing, "there is no help for it; but although I have been unfortunate myself, none of my friends shall suffer by my misfortune, and as poor Will had the honour to be called after you, he has left you something to keep for a memorandum of him." On saying this, his lordship gave a nod to his servant, who directly left the room, but returned in a little, bringing in the snuff-mull and the big horn spoon, which he delivered to his master. The eyes of the whole company were at once fixed on the articles brought in, on which his lordship arose, and delivering them to Mr Pitt, said, "I make you a present, sir, of the horns of your namesake Will; the one is to hold your snuff, and with the other you are to divide your soup." The whole company, as in duty bound, laughed heartily on seeing such droll presents. Mr Pitt also laughed long and loud himself. The mull, or box, on being delivered, was found to be full of the finest snuff that could be purchased, and it was handed round the table again and again, and every time it was prized more and more for the fineness of its flavour.

The story, however, is not at an end. Some few weeks afterwards, Mr Pitt had occasion to send some dispatches to the Duke de Montellano, who was formerly ambassador at the court of Great Britain, and at whose sale Lord Melville bought the mirror. The duke was now prime minister to the King of Spain. The dispatches were sealed in a packet, in which was also enclosed a private letter from Mr Pitt to the duke himself, informing his excellency concerning a number of his acquaintances in London; and in telling him of the welfare of Lord Melville, he could not avoid mentioning the fate of the beautiful mirror, with every particular concerning the breaking of it. The same evening that the dispatches arrived in Madrid, the duke had a private audience of his royal master. After they had discussed the contents of the dispatches, his excellency, knowing that his majesty loved any thing that was diverting, could not forbear reading to him the part of the private letter relating to the ram, and the breaking of the glass; at which the king laughed very heartily, but on being again composed, he said, "I am truly sorry that Lord Melville has met with such a serious loss, and I am also sorry that such an elegant specimen of Spanish manufacture should so have disappeared from one of the seats of the British nobility, as it was an honour to Spain; however, we will let him see that there is also generosity with us. Let one of the most elegant mirrors in the Escorial be carefully packed into a box, and sent by a safe vessel to London, and let it be directed to Lord Melville; let a letter also be sent to him, saying, that it is to be put in the place of the one broken by the ram." Thus, his lordship got a glass superior to the one he lost, which he often showed as a noble proof of Spanish generosity.

Before long, Mr Pitt had again to send a special messenger to the court of Spain on some important business, when Lord Melville took the opportunity of sending a letter to the Duke de Montellano, desiring him to present his (Lord Melville's) most grateful thanks to the King of Spain for his most valuable and princely present; and Mr Pitt, knowing that his majesty used snuff, sent him the mull that was made of the ram's horn, saying, at the same time, that it was one of the very horns that broke the beautiful mirror. This was accompanied with a packet of the finest snuff that could be got in London. The duke presented the horn and snuff to his royal master. The horn was prized beyond all measure, and it is now kept in the cabinet of curiosities belonging to the kings of Spain, with a label affixed to it, giving an account of how it came there, and of the wonderful ram to which it belonged. And so, according to the chronicles of Lasswade, concludes the story of Lord Melville's pet tup.

AIRS OF THE AMERICAN NEGROES.

The Americans possess an advantage in regard to the teaching of manners which they do not yet appreciate. They have before their eyes, in the manners of the coloured race, a perpetual caricature of their own follies—a mirror of conventionalism from which they can never escape. The negroes are the most imitative set of people living upon the globe, and they are a degraded, little principle, little knowledge, little independence, they copy the most successfully those things in their superiors which involve the least principle, knowledge, and independence—namely, their conventionalisms. They carry their mimicry far beyond any which is seen among the menials of the rich in Europe. The black footmen of the United States have tipcoats, stiff cravats, and eye-catching flourishes, like the footmen in London; but the imitation extends into more important matters. As the slaves of the South assume their masters' names and military titles, they assume their methods of conducting the courtesies and galeties of life. I have in my possession a note of invitation to a ball, written on pink paper with gilt edges—"Mr Richard Massey requests the pleasure of Mrs Mikes' and Miss Arthur's company, on Saturday evening, at seven o'clock, in Dr Smith's long brick-store." When the lady invited came to her mistress for the ticket which was necessary to authorise her being out after nine at night, she was dressed in satin with muslin over it, satin shoes, and white kid gloves; but the satin was faded, the muslin torn, the shoes were tied upon the extremities of her splay feet, and the white gloves dropping in tatters from her dark fingers. She was a caricature, instead of a fine lady. A friend of mine walked a mile or two in the dusk behind two black men, and a woman whom they were courting. He told me that nothing could be more admirable than the coyness of the lady and the compliments of the gallant and his friend. It could not be very amusing to those who reflect that holy and constant love, free preference, and all that makes marriage a blessing instead of a curse, were here out of the question; but the resemblance in the mode of courtship to that adopted by whites, when meditating marriage of a not dissimilar virtue—a marriage of barter—could not be overlooked. Even in their ultimate funeral courtesies, the coloured race imitate the whites. An epitaph on a negro baby at Savannah begins "Sweet blighted lily!"—*Miss Martineau.*

HIGHLAND PRIDE.

Macdonald, the last of the Lords of the Isles, happening to be in Ireland, was invited to an entertainment given by the Lord-Lieutenant. He chanced to be among the last in coming in, and sat himself down at the foot of the table near the door. The Lord-Lieutenant requested him to sit beside him. Macdonald asked in his native tongue, "What the carle said?" On being told that he was desired to move towards the head of the table, he replied, "Telt the carle that wherever Macdonald sits, that is the head of the table."

DEFINITION OF NOTHING.

At the Doneraul assizes, the following humorous cross-examination of a witness occasioned much merriment in court. Mr Doherty—"What business do you follow?" "I am a school-master." "Did you turn off your scholars or did they turn you off?" "I do not wish to answer irrelevant questions"—(Laughter). "Are you a great favourite with your pupils?" "Ay! troth am I; a much greater favourite than you are with the public." "Where were you, sir, this night?" "This night!" said the witness; "there is a learned man—this night is not come yet; I suppose you mean that night." (Here the witness looked at the judge, and winked his eye, as if in triumph.) "I presume the schoolmaster was abroad that night, doing nothing?" "Define nothing," said witness. Mr Doherty did not comply. "Well," said the learned schoolmaster, "I will define it—it is a footless stocking, without a leg"—(roars of laughter, in which his lordship joined). "You may go down, sir." "Faith, I well believe you're tired enough of me; but it is my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask, I will answer them."—*Belfast Northern Whig.*

HAPPINESS OF AN ELEVATED STATESMAN.

The following striking anecdote occurs in the Life of Sir John Sinclair, by his son. "On a court day in December, the same year (1799), my father happened to meet Mr Secretary Dundas at St James's, who pressed him to name a day for visiting him at Wimbledon. The king had fixed upon Christmas to be the last of the year. The party was numerous, and included Mr Pitt. Sir John remained all night; and next morning, according to Scottish custom, resolved to pay his host an early visit in his own apartment. He found the secretary in the library, reading a long paper on the importance of conquering the Cape, as an additional security to our Indian possessions. His guest shook him by the hand, adding the usual congratulation, 'I come, my friend, to wish you a good new year, and many happy returns of the season.' The secretary, after a short pause, replied, with some emotion, 'I hope this year will be happier than the last; for I scarcely recollect having spent one happy day in the whole of it.' This confession, coming from an individual whose whole life hitherto had been a series of triumphs, and who appeared to stand secure upon the summit of political ambition, was often dwelt upon by my father as exemplifying the vanity of human wishes."

THE BITTER BIT.

A member of one of the learned professions was driving his dog along the road at Tooting, in Surrey, when he overtook a pedlar with his pack, and inquired what he had to sell. The man produced, among other things, a pair of cotton braces—for which he asked sixpence. The gentleman paid the money, and then said, "You have, I suppose, a licence?" "Y-e-s," was the reply, hesitatingly. "It should like to see it." After some further delay it was produced. "My good fellow, all's right, I see. Now, as I do not want these things, you shall have them again for threepence." The bargain was struck; but how surprised was the gentleman to find a summons to attend the county magistracy, sitting at Croydon. The gentleman was convicted in the full penalty for selling goods on the king's highway without a hawker's licence.

AMERICAN RIVERS.

While the features of nature in America greatly excel those of Europe in beauty and sublimity, how inferior in taste are the names imposed on places! Rivers in particular have been named in the New World in a most unfortunate manner. Witness Bigmuddy River, and Littlemuddy River, Little Shallow River, Good Woman River, Little Woman River, Blowing Fly Creek, and many others to the same tune. When the western parts of the United States shall have its civilised inhabitants, its cities, its scholars, and its poets, how sweetly will such names sound in American verse!

Ye plains where sweet Bigmuddy rolls along,
And Tempest, one day to be famed in song;
Where waves on Biscuit and on Grandstone glide,
And with waves upon Good Woman's side;
How shall your happy streams in after time
Tune the soft lay and fill the sonorous rhyme!
Blest bards, who in your amorous verse will call
On murmuring Fork and gentle Cannon Ball,
Spilt Rock, and Stick Lodge, and Two Thousand Mile,
White Lime, and Cupboard, and Bad Humoured Isle!
Flow, Little Shallow, flow and be thy stream
Their great example as 'twill be their theme!
Isis with Ruin and Union must not vie,
Can shall resign the palm to Blowing Fly,
And Thames and Tagus yield to Great Big Little Dry.

INDUSTRY REWARDED.

A proud Welsh squire took it into his head to be very angry with a poor curate, who employed his leisure hours in mending clocks and watches, and actually applied to Dr Shipley, Bishop of St Asaph, with a formal complaint against him, for impudently carrying on a trade. His lordship having heard the complaint, told the squire he might as well demand justice, as that the strictest justice should be done in the case; accordingly, the mechanic-divine was sent for a few days after, when the bishop asked him, "How he dared to disgrace his diocese, by becoming a mender of clocks and watches?" The other with all humility answered, "To satisfy the wants of a wife and ten children!" "That won't do with me," rejoined the prelate: "I'll inflict such a punishment on you as shall make you leave off your pitiful trade, I promise you;" and immediately calling in his secretary, ordered him to make out a presentation for the astonished curate to a living of at least L.150 per annum.

TALLEYRAND'S CUNNING.

A lady, who professed to be charmed with Talleyrand's wit, begged of him to write his name in her album. His gallantry could not refuse, and he began to write a verse. "Arrrete, Monsieur!" exclaimed the lady; "it may be very well for inferior persons to write verses, but the name of Talleyrand is enough to appear in my book. It is fame." He fixed his keen eyes on the supplicating fair one, and wrote his name, but at the very top of the page. The anecdote spread, and all Paris laughed at the happy evasion of perhaps seeing his name in a few days signed to a bill of 10,000 francs.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE II.

When his majesty George II. was once on a sea excursion, there appeared signs of an approaching storm. The noise occasioned on deck by the preparations to meet it, called his majesty from below, to inquire into the cause. On being informed that they were preparing for a storm, his majesty's instant commands were, "Double my guards."

REGIMENTAL COLOURS.

Great is the value of the standard to a regiment: it is a telegraph in the centre of the battle to speak the changes of the day to the wings. Its importance has, therefore, been immemorial in all ages, among all nations, and in all kinds of war. "Defend the colours! form upon the colours!" is the first cry and first thought of a soldier when any mischance of battle has produced disorder: then do cries, shouts, firing, blows, and all the tumult of the combat, thricken round the standard; it contains the honour of the band, and the brave press round its bearer. An instance of the attachment shown by our troops to their standards occurred after the battle of Corunna. It was night. The regimental colour of the Fifteenth (General Naylor's own regiment) was missing; a cry arose that it had been lost; the soldiers were furious; the present Sir Henry Fane, with a loud and angry voice, called out, "No, no! the Fifteenth cannot have lost their colours!" They were not lost. Two ensigns, Stewart a Scotchman, and Moore an Irishman, had been slain, as they bore the banners charging through the village of El Yna: two colour-serjeants, whose names I cannot recollect, seizing the prostrate colours, bravely continued the charge, carrying them through the battle. When the fight was done, an officer received one of these standards from the serjeant; it was now dark, and he allowed his alarm for the safety of the colours to overpower his better judgment; he forgot both their use and their honour, and had gone to the rear, intending to embark with them, though the regiment was still in its position. The stray colour was found, and the soldiers were pacified; but this officer never could remove the feeling which his well-meant but ill-judged caution had produced against him. This anecdote shows the sentiments entertained by British troops for their colours; sentiments pervading all ranks, from the general to the drummer. Sir Henry Fane's words, thus loudly expressed, rendered him a favourite with the Fifteenth regiment ever after. When colours are worn out, they ought not to be thrown away. I understand that the Fifteenth, having been lately made a royal regiment, received a blue standard, and the silk of the old colours was burned with much ceremony. The wool of the spear was made into a snuff-box, and its lid enclosed the ashes of that black banner which had so often waved amidst the white curling smoke of the battle. On this box are engraved the names of those who fell bearing the colours in combat.—*Napier on Military Law.*

TOWN RESIDENCES.

By Weyland, and other political economists, great towns have been called the graves of mankind; but they are now comparatively the abodes of health and longevity. Thus the annual mortality of London, in 1790, was one in 25; in 1790, one in 21; in 1801, and the four preceding years, one in 31; in 1810, one in 38; and in 1821, one in 40. "The increased mortality," says Sir Gilbert Blane, "in the middle of the last century, has been imputed to the great abuse of spirituous liquors, which was checked about that time by the imposition of high duties. The other causes of superior health seem to consist in a general improvement in the habits of life, particularly with regard to ventilation and cleanliness; a more ample supply of water, particularly during the new water-companies began to supply the town; greater abundance and better quality of food; the improved state of medicine, and the better management of children;" to which we may add, the influence of vaccination. An analogous improvement in salubrity has occurred in the other large towns of the kingdom.

UNFORTUNATE PRIZE.

In the Scotch rebellion of 1745, at the battle of Falkirk, Major Macdonald having dismounted an English officer, took possession of his horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled, the horse ran off with the victor, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him; nor did it stop until it was at the head of the regiment, of which, apparently, its master was the commander! The melancholy, and at the same time ludicrous figure which poor Macdonald cut, when he thus saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse, which ultimately cost him his life upon the scaffold, may be easily conceived.—*Punch Book.*

PUNCTUALITY.

The late Mr Scott of Exeter, who died a few years ago, travelled on business till about 80 years of age. He was one of the most celebrated characters in the kingdom for punctuality; and by his methodical conduct, with uniform diligence, he gradually amassed a large fortune. For a long series of years, the proprietor of every inn he frequented in Devon and Cornwall knew the day and the very hour he would arrive. Some time since, a gentleman, who was travelling through Cornwall, stopped at a small inn at Port Isaac to dine. The waiter immediately presented him with a bill of fare, which he did not approve of; but observing a fine duck roasting, "I'll have that," said the traveller. "You cannot, sir," replied the landlord; "it is for Mr Scott of Exeter." "I know Mr Scott very well," rejoined the gentleman; "he is not in your house." "True, sir," said the landlord; "but six months ago, when he was here last, he ordered a duck to be ready for him this day precisely at two o'clock." And, to the astonishment of the traveller, he saw the old gentleman, on his Rosinante, jogging into the inn-yard about five minutes before the appointed time!

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